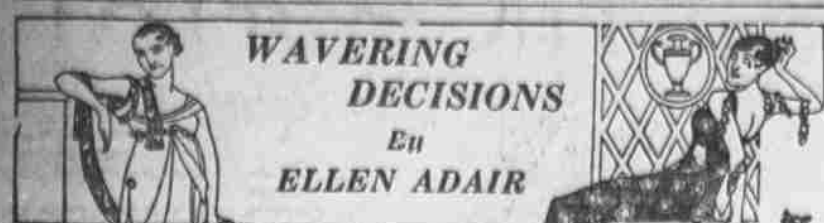


WOMAN IN HER WORK AND LEISURE—SPRING FASHIONS, PRACTICAL ARTICLES AND IDEAS



WAVERING DECISIONS By ELLEN ADAIR

The Woman Who Doesn't Know Her Own Mind

The woman who doesn't know her own mind is only too common nowadays. She suffers from a painful lack of decisiveness, of quick action, and above all she wastes the time of herself and of everybody else with whom she comes in contact.

"I can't make up my mind," is a feminine phrase that is heard everywhere one goes.

The woman who doesn't know what she wants is a dreadfully trying proposition. Her character is essentially weak, of course. She needs to be morally propped up, guided and "bossed" by others, or she will drift helplessly along and never accomplish anything at all.

Some women are born with this painful lack of decision deeply rooted in their character. It is a positive pain to them to have any sort of responsibility or request for immediate decision thrust upon them. They simply cannot rise to the occasion.

A case of this sort comes to my mind. It is that of a young married woman who ought to be very happy, but who, on the contrary, is very, very miserable, who suffers from neurasthenia, and who is a sort of semi-invalid, always querulous, always childish and a very great nuisance to her family and friends.

When she was a little girl, she never could make up her mind about anything. She would waste hours over trifling little decisions which carried no real import whatever.

"What sort of candy shall I buy?" she would murmur to her school friends. "I really can't make up my mind what sort I like best." Please advise me.

Their advice never was any good, for no sooner had she followed their decision than she would declare that she wished she hadn't bought the wretched stuff, and that she hated it, anyhow, and that they could eat it for all she cared, etc., etc.

All of which was rather annoying for the little school friends who had only meant to be kind. The little girl's reproaches didn't tend to make her popular with the others.

As she grew older, this lack of initiative grew stronger and stronger. All sorts of decisions came up, decisions on big matters and on little matters, but she never could make up her mind satisfactorily to herself.

It always took her ages to come to any sort of decision at all. She would chop and change a dozen times in an hour. Then, when her friends finally nailed her down to some answer or plan or verdict,

THE DAILY STORY

The Intruders

The janitor's wife allowed herself to hesitate and was lost. "There's an apartment you might use for a while, Miss Marjorie, it wouldn't cost anything, and your little mite of money would last longer."

Marjorie Kershaw's young face brightened. "Martha, you always were a dear, just like you used to be when you and Bob lived on the farm next to our place."

Martha Jordan nodded her head. "I never thought I'd live to see you without a relative coming to work for your living in the city, Miss Marjorie," she said dolefully.

The girl's face clouded. "Poor old father! He never knew how to manage things. I believe it was the thought of leaving me unprotected for that hastened his death."

Mrs. Jordan took a latch key from her belt. "Dearie, you might as well use the flat—it won't do any harm, and it will make your money hold out longer. Doctor Ingram won't know the difference."

"But—would it be right?" the girl hesitated, "and suppose he should find out?" "Not much chance," Martha said airily. "Doctor Ingram has gone to Denver to get back his nerve. He left this key so I could water his plants. The doctor's crazy over plants, and his front room looks like a flower garden."

The girl revealed in the luxury of the apartment. Accustomed to the plainness of a rambling, old country house—the Turkish rugs and the artistic furnishings seemed the height of magnificence. She succeeded in securing a position to teach primary music in a private school, after much worry and many letters written by the rectress of her home church. She was to board and room at the school when the term commenced—and she thought regretfully of giving up her present artistic quarters.

Mrs. Jordan received one afternoon a letter telling her when to have the rooms ready—and Marjorie Kershaw sprinkled the doctor's plants that night.

She determined to make some payment for her free lodging—so she took from the top of the bookcase the old silver tray with its tea service—she would polish the doctor's silver and leave his apartments in good condition. She probably spent too much energy on the first place, for, yawning in the coming twilight, she leaned back on the pillows of the couch, the silver spread around on the floor, and fell fast asleep.

If old Mrs. Van Lear had not chosen to get sick and to have refused to allow any one except her pet physician to look after her, John Ingram would have returned to Mrs. Jordan's opinion, and never have known anything about it. As it was, he let himself into his apartments that night about 9.

Reaching for the electric light, he stumbled over his silver teapot, and the girl on the couch sat up suddenly, her sleepy eyes blinking from the light. She gave one gasp, then straightened herself on the couch, her feet braced firmly on the floor. "I'm not afraid of you," she said breathlessly, eyeing the teapot in his hand, and wondering what he had already put in the small grip beside him. He stood still, his astonishment, aided by the silver teapot, giving him the appearance of a startled guinea.

"Aren't you—ahamed of yourself?" she asked sternly.

"I don't mean to analyze my feelings," the doctor said, doubtfully. "To think of a man breaking into a house and stealing—teapots!" she said reproachfully.

"I only want to have you," he blurted out.

"It's just as bad as a dozen—it's stealing," she said, her voice full of righteous indignation.

"You would stop stealing and be decent?" she asked, her eyes fixed on him.

"I would stop stealing and be decent," she said, her eyes fixed on him.

The School Girl

From some sweet home, the morning train brings to the city, Five days a week, in sun or rain, Returning like a song's refrain, A school girl pretty.

A wild flower's unaffected grace Is dainty miss's, Yet in her shy, expressive face The touch of urban arts I trace—And artifice.

No one but she and heaven knows Of what she's thinking, It may be either books or beaux, Fine scholarship or stylish clothes, Per cents or prinking.

How happy must the household be This morn'g that kissed her, Not every one can make so free, Who sees her only wishes she Were his own sister.

WILLIAM HENRY VENABLE.

The College Girls

A Tea-table Talk

"All the girls are going right home to be married," wailed a fluffy little maiden, as she dropped her teacup into the boiling water: "What's to become of me?"

"Don't be silly, Dolly, you know Jack's just crazy over you. Why does a man send a girl candy every week, a special delivery letter on Sunday to make up for what he hasn't said in his daily letters, and flowers for every prom?" asked the little freshman, breathless from the excitement of her swift denial.

"Oh, I don't know, he's just that kind of a fellow, that's all. It doesn't mean so very much when a boy with Jack's money remembers you once in a while," declared the first girl. She bobbed the teacup in the delicate cup with a determined air. "Besides, he does that much for every girl he takes a fancy to. I know, I've seen him! I don't care for him, anyhow, but I must say the girls he likes have all run after him shamefully."

"Well," said her friend, thoughtfully, "why they should, I'm sure I can't see! He isn't good-looking, he has nothing to recommend him but his money, and no girl really cares for that."

"Who says she doesn't? I never saw a girl who didn't! They are all alike. Besides, Jack really isn't so ugly as you try to make out. I think he has a very strong face."

"Oh, my dear," returned the little skeptic, laughing, "that's what they always say when they can't find anything better. It's like telling you that you're a nice girl. Now, Jack's just that kind of a fellow, you can't say he's anything very positive. He is just a nice young man."

"He isn't anything of the sort," her friend answered, hotly, "and I'm quite sure I can't quite see your point in saying so. I think Jack is just as good a business man as his father ever was, and as soon as we get money enough—"

"Ah, I thought so!" declared the other, triumphantly. "I caught you this time, my dear. Even if you are a senior, you can't fool me. I've seen too many girls in love! When did it all happen? I know, it was during the Christmas vacation, when I was ill, and you and Jack went out for a long walk through the country. You looked so silly when you came home!"

"If you know so much, why did you use this ridiculous way to make me admit it?" said the fluffy one, stirring her tea violently. "Take some more sugar—you need it. Your flimsy intuition is correct, Jack proposed while you were ill. I have my ring around my neck."

"Yes, dearie," answered the young lady in dulcet tones, "I saw that the first day after it happened. You should really have kept it in a less conspicuous place. I did this trick, if you care to know, in teaching you a little lesson. A good man is worthy of acknowledgment, and if I were you I wouldn't deny about Jack. He showed just how he felt about you, and you showed just how you really feel about him in your heart of hearts. Now, aren't you?"

"Of course, I am," returned the first girl quickly, "have some more tea and girl lecturing a senior."

And this is the way of the girl "in love."

To a Lady

You ask a verse to sing (ah, laughing face)
Your happy art of growing old with grace?
O Muse, begin, and let the truth—
First let me see that you are growing old.

JOHN JAMES PLATT.



THE CASTLE CLIP AND COIFFURE



A GOWN OF SATIN AND CHIFFON



PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the Evening Ledger prizes of \$1 and 50 cents are awarded:

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to A. R. S., Sharon Hill, Pa., for the following suggestion:

Very attractive and inexpensive place cards can be made by purchasing visiting cards (15 cents a pack), then cutting from picture postals, colored or plain, little pieces of bits of scenery. Paste these tightly on the cards. Press well under something heavy. Colored cardboard can be used if desired to accentuate color scheme. If there is a common interest among the guests in any special place, postal cards from that place can be used. One postal will often make three place cards.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Elizabeth Herter, 2172 East Lehigh avenue, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

When cut-glass, or even common glass, has lost its lustre, take a raw white potato, peel it, cut it in half and rub over the dull part of the glass until you have used the whole piece, then rinse in lukewarm water and you will find the glass as good as when newly purchased.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. C. Russell, 4000 Muzzunk avenue, Roxborough, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

Saturate two strips of cloth with kero-

sene. Each strip is the length of the carpet-sweeper and about two inches wide. Place one in each of the dust boxes and you will have a dustless carpet sweeper.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Louise Baden, 2217 North 6th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

Instead of taking out tucks or hems to make petticoats longer, I took my little girl's petticoats and opened up the shoulders and sewed pieces of muslin to the edges. Made buttonholes, so that I could button it to the front. I could thus drop the skirt to the desired length, and easily shorten it if another dress happened to be a little shorter.

CASTLE CLIP CLIPS MANY A FAIR HEAD

New Coiffure Mode Is Really Here to Trouble Temperamental Girls.

The Castle Clip is here. No, gentle reader, this is not a new dance, a new song, a new shoe. It is a new style of coiffure and simply means that when mamma takes little Willie down to madame's to have his juvenile locks "bobbed," big sister Gwendolyn, who's just coming out at dancing parties and tango teas, goes along and has hers done, too.

Several exclusive hair-dressing experts of the city are responsible for the statement that the vogue, originated by Irene Castle at her tango stronghold in the metropolis, has taken hold here to a certain extent, and the shearing process has taken place in several of our local beauty shops.

"Only the other day," said a prominent coiffure artist here, "two girls came into my place and had their heads bobbed. One was about 50 and the other at least 24. They both had such fine suits of hair that I protested against their succumbing to what could at best be only a passing fancy, but nothing that I could say would influence them."

"I must confess," he continued, "that when I got finished with them they looked mighty cute, just like mischievous boys, but I'm sure that in a few weeks they'll be having regrets and will be here begging me to fix them up in feminine fashion once again."

Many girls, more sensible than these two, are having bobbed wigs made to order, and thus saving the locks of a lifetime's acquisition, for, despite the fact that the bobbed head with the little tailored hats and mannish suits looks adorably cunning, a straight-clipped head is nothing short of incongruous for evening wear with elaborate gowns.

The wig, according to the coiffure, can be cleverly adjusted with all appearance of having been grown on the head. Then when the fashion, which bears every mark of extreme transiency, is snuffed out suddenly, the shearing process has been wrought in the bureau drawer and let down her flowing tresses.

Nevertheless there have been foolish virgins who insisted on having their locks clipped, in spite of all warnings.

19 MONTHS OLD AND HAPPY

Johnny Wilkes, Weight 88 Pounds, Has a Good Appetite.

Worldly worries never bother little Johnny Wilkes, who is worth two pounds in weight for every month of his age. At the age of 19 months he tips the scales at 88 pounds. A persevering appetite, an optimistic disposition and good care by his parents is the combination which accomplished the result.

Johnny is the son of Dr. Roy A. Wilkes, a specialist in children's diseases at the University Hospital, and lives at 725 South 34th street. He is a grandson of the late W. J. Milligan, who was chief clerk of Select Council. When the baby was born August 4, 1913, he weighed 8½ pounds. As early as last September he started to eat cream of wheat, soft boiled eggs, toast and baked potatoes. In addition to good food he got lots of fresh air. He was kept barefooted until last October.

Johnny's vocabulary is still somewhat limited, but that doesn't bother him in the least.



A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

The Problem of Clothes

The time is drawing very near when I must return to town and dreary weather once more. I hear that there has been snow and sleet in town and altogether it must be very depressing! Here the weather is lovely, and leaves nothing whatever to be desired.

My friend, the little widow, is going away tomorrow morning. I am sure that all the men in the place will be dreadfully disconsolate without her. Never before have I met anybody who understood so thoroughly the art of managing men.

I accompanied her yesterday morning on a tour of the hotel grounds. I think she wished to get rid of some of her admirers, for, although we had many requests to join us in our walk, she would have none of them.

"Dorothy and I wish to talk seriously; we don't want any stupid men around," was all that she would say.

When we got out of earshot of the hotel she began talking. It seemed that she had taken a fancy to me and wanted me to come and pay her a visit at her home in New York.

"I should love to give you a good

time, and to have the pleasure of my society, dear," said she in her charming well-bred voice. "I hope that your people will let you come and pay me a long visit. Sometimes I feel rather lonely, living all by myself, you know."

There was such a plaintive note in her remark that I felt as if I could not go to the ends of the earth without quite fathom the aforementioned loneliness, since I knew she had lived with a woman friend, a gay grass widow who had been out in India, and in addition to that was never without a couple of smart maids in her New York apartment.

"I should love to come and stay with you," I said at once. "It is very kind of you to think of it and nothing would please me better."

I am already wondering about the for the occasion. My little friend is fairly as such lovely things. She has black or black and white all the time and always looks very smart.

I can get a whole lot of new dresses when I go back to town.

Feminine Superstitions

Though we do laugh at them, most of us have a weakness for the old superstitions of our grandmothers. We may not, perhaps, quite believe in them, but they certainly do interest us as being relics of a bygone day.

The following are a few not generally known: If an engaged girl pokes her finger during her lover's absence, and it burns brightly, he is in good health and spirits.

A bride and her groom should never enter the church by one door and leave it by another.

Never turn a feather bed on a Sunday, or ill luck will befall you during the week.

If a splinter be placed at dinner between a man and his wife, she will be married within the year. The same applies to a bachelor. This should prove a valuable hint to hostesses of a match-making turn of mind when arranging parties.

A bride should never go back to the house after leaving it. Any thing forgotten must be sent after her, or ill luck will follow.

For the Invalid

Tempting Dishes

CHICKEN JELLY.

Remove the skin from a chicken and boil until tender. Then take the meat from the bones, allowing them to remain in the water and boil longer. Now chop the meat finely, season with salt, pepper, celery salt and a very little mace or nutmeg. When the water in which the chicken boiled is reduced to a quarter, strain and mix with the chicken. Put into a mould to harden.

OYSTER TOAST.

Toast a small piece of thinly cut bread, then place it in a small earthen dish. Now pour over it two-thirds of a cup of raw oysters. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and put a piece of butter as large as a nutmeg on top. Place the dish in a hot oven until the oysters are cooked.

BROILED SWEETBREAD.

Four boiling water over a nice breast sweetbread, then cook for five to 10 minutes. Split and wipe dry. Broil in a double broiler over a clear fire or gas cooker until well browned. Sprinkle with salt and rub a little butter over it.

Will Try Out U. of P. Debaters. Trials for the annual debate between the freshman and sophomore classes of the University of Pennsylvania will be held tomorrow night. The subject of the debate is, "Resolved, That the Evils of Labor Unions Outweigh Their Benefits." Each speaker will be given five minutes to present his argument.

Lace Makers Take Civil Service Test. An open competitive examination for diet lacemaker, for women only, was held today in the Postoffice Building. This position pays \$200 a year in the annual service at the Soboba School, California.

University U. M. C. A. Meeting. James C. Patterson, president of the University of Pennsylvania Christian Association, has announced that the annual meeting of the association will be held in Houston Hall, March 15, at 7 o'clock. In addition to the election of a number of important amendments to the constitution and by-laws will be submitted. The subject of the amendments is to permit the association to take more initiative in work among the students.

"In and About Jerusalem." "In and About Jerusalem," an illustrated lecture by James Clarence, will be delivered tonight at the Wagner Institute of Science, 17th street and Montgomery avenue. The picturesque story of the city will be portrayed, and the present relation of the city to the Turkish campaign will be developed.



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